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# SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

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A

S E R M O N,

PREACHED AT THE FUNERAL

OF

Mrs. Eliza Whitney Brown,

WIFE OF REV. NATHAN BROWN,

(LATE MISSIONARY TO ASSAM,)

IN CHARLEMONT, MASS., MAY 17, 1871.

BY

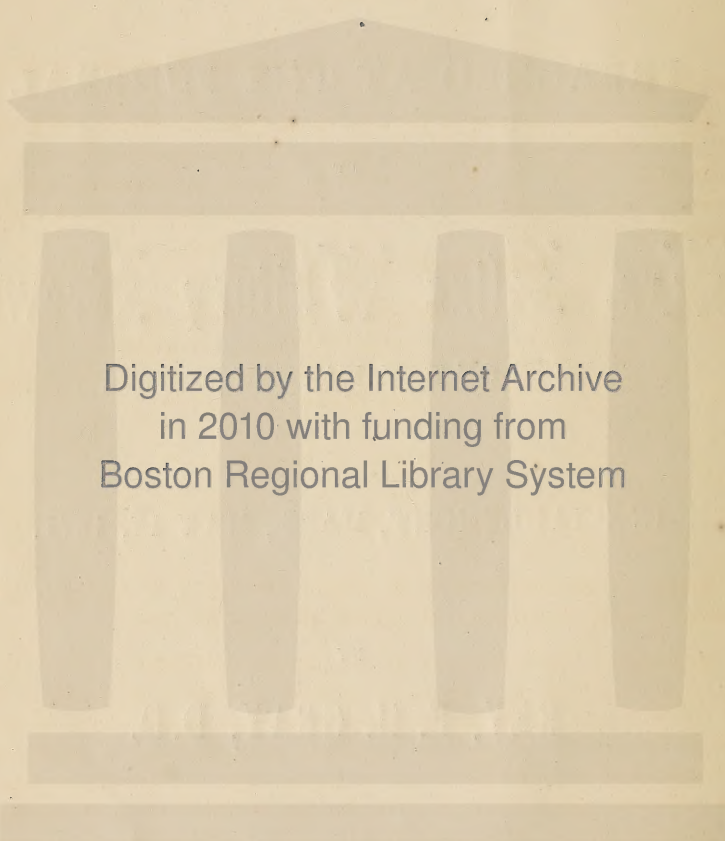
REV. E. H. GRAY, D.D.

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NEW YORK:

THOMAS HOLMAN, PRINTER, CORNER CENTRE AND WHITE STREETS.

1871.



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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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CHARLEMONT, MASS., MAY 18, 1871.

Rev. E. H. GRAY, D. D.

*Dear Sir:*—At a meeting of the relatives and friends of Mrs. E. W. BROWN, May 18, 1871, the undersigned were appointed a committee to express to you their sincere thanks and high appreciation of your excellent and impressive funeral sermon, preached yesterday, and to solicit, if agreeable to you, a copy for publication.

Yours respectfully,

WAYNE GRISWOLD, Circleville O.	} Committee.
THOMAS P. BRIGGS, Charlemont.	
E. C. HAWKS, “	
HART LEAVITT, “	
JONAS BALLARD, “	
NATHAN B. BALLARD. “	

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MESSRS. Dr. WAYNE GRISWOLD, Rev. THOMAS P. BRIGGS, E. C. HAWKS, HART LEAVITT, JONAS BALLARD, and NATHAN B. BALLARD, Esquires.

*Gentlemen:*—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note, requesting, for publication, a copy of the discourse delivered at the funeral of Mrs. ELIZA W. BROWN. I feel that the discourse is a very meagre sketch of one so refined by nature, so cultivated by mental and moral discipline, so devoted as a Christian, and so useful and heroic as a missionary. Still if, in your opinion, its publication will be gratifying to the bereaved friends, it is at your service.

SHELburnE FALLS, MASS., June 5, 1871.

Yours truly,

E. H. GRAY.

# Funeral Services of Mrs. Eliza W. Brown.

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## ANTHEM.

READING THE SCRIPTURES,

By Rev. JOHN CADWELL, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

## PRAYER,

By Rev. THOMAS P. BRIGGS, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

## HYMN.

"How blest the scene when Christians die,  
When holy souls retire to rest."

## SERMON,

By Rev. E. H. GRAY, D. D.

## CONCLUDING PRAYER,

By Rev. Mr. SAVAGE, of the Congregational Church.

## HYMN,

"Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust."

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Previous services were held at the residence of the deceased in Jersey City, on Monday, May 15th, the day following her death, when prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. W. H. PARMLY, and addresses were made by Rev. J. DUER, Rev. FREDERICK EVANS, her pastor, and Dr. PARMLY.

# S E R M O N.

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“Where is God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?”—JOB xxxv. 10.

HE is not far away ; but nigh at hand. The sacred writer has a twofold object in view in the text and context: to rebuke the practical atheism of those who are living without God in the world ; and to teach that men are not so abandoned of comforters, nor so wrapped in silence and gloom, as to have no sources of joy even in the darkest and most overshadowing passages of the wilderness.

There is no night so dark that hath not its songs.

I.—Night, in the world of nature, is vocal with songs.

For the world has its night. It seems necessary that it should. The sun shineth by day and men go forth to their labors. But they grow weary and worn, and nightfall cometh on like a sweet boon from heaven. Men and animals need the repose, which is favored by the silence and darkness of the night. As the shadows of the evening deepen, birds hie to their perch ; animals to their inclosures or lairs—all, save those who make the darkness a cover to their search for prey—and men betake themselves to their homes and places of rest.

“All the air a solemn stillness holds.”

Even the flowers and plants seem to welcome night, and to gather refreshed life from its dewy moisture.

But the night is not only a time for rest, but for thought. Hence, says the Psalmist, “I will meditate on thee in the night watches.” Night is a great revealer. It is then that the astronomer turns his glass toward the heavens and discovers the extent and grandeur of God’s vast empire, such as would transcend our boldest conception without such aid. Hence, the “darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day.” Have you never risen from your couch at night, and walked forth into the silence

of the universe, when all the music of spheres from "God's great illuminated panorama" came rushing into the soul? And awe-stricken, have you not reverently inquired whence sprang this vast physical universe? What hand launched these flaming orbs into space? Whose eye omniscient has traced out their untrodden paths? What hand omnipotent upholds the stupendous fabric of nature? Oh, how full of God is the still silent night! As we stand under its vast canopy, we fancy we can hear the harps of heaven playing, and the celestial orbs, God's great hosts, making "music through the air." Yes, night has its songs. Indeed it is the hour of praise. Heavenly watchers keep their vigils o'er the earth, and heavenly music soothes its slumbers. Every whispering breeze and rustling leaf and rippling stream and shooting star is vocal with its Maker's praise.

II.—There is also a moral night that is vocal with songs.

The history of moral beings begins with this brilliant record: "So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him." A wonderful creation was that of man. He was constituted head over all things. He was both the centre and radiating point of power. Man was placed in a position, as if he had his hand upon a point where ten thousand telegraphic wires met from every part of the universe, and he were able, with each volition, to send abroad an influence along these wires such as to reach every created being in heaven and on earth. He stood like one linked to every creature by a golden chain, and every pulsation of his heart or movement of his mind modified the pulsations of every other heart and the movements of every other intellect. Wonderful, wonderful, both for honor and for happiness, was the position man occupied!

But sin was introduced, and with it came death, for the "wages of sin is death." Sin is not an abstraction, floating round, for which no one is accountable. It is not merely an infirmity or weakness; but sin is a transgression—disobedience—impiety—a CRIME! For it inaugurated rebellion against God's government and introduced chaos into the moral world.

But all was not lost. There were songs in the beginning of the night that enwrapped the world. For no sooner did night settle down upon the race, than, through the appalling darkness, the

bright promise was revealed, that the "Seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." This was all the Bible given to the world at first. But, while dark shadows were stretching across entire generations, and overlying the habitations of men, additions were constantly made to the number of the promises. And the purposes of God became more and more fully developed, till the harp of Isaiah sounded out amid the darkness, "Unto us a child is born, and unto us a son is given;" and then, after another interval, came the joyous proclamation, echoed from the hill country of Judea: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

True, the moral history of the past has been a melancholy one. God has sent light into the world, and men have hated the light, and have waged a perpetual crusade against it. Impelled by the dark passions of their alienated hearts, they have risen up and cried, "*put out that light!*" Nations and peoples have fallen in the struggle; and crowns have fallen like stars in the Apocalypse; but the angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel, does not suspend his flight or rest upon his folded wings; but as he flies he is proclaiming still: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men!" Hear it, oh man, as one of the utterances of God; hear it in the harmonies of the universe, and in the voices of visionless things, that commune, like whispering angels, with the human soul.

Again, in the third place, I remark that God giveth songs in the night of affliction.

It was in one night of sorrow that the language of the text was uttered. The patriarch Job was suddenly stripped of his property, and bereaved of his children, and thrown into a state of extreme physical suffering. It was with him dark, dark night.

And how many such nights do we have? Nights of sorrow, nights of doubt, nights of anxiety, nights of oppression, nights of ignorance, nights of all kinds, which press upon our spirits and terrify our souls! It is indeed night in the household whenever death enters. The mind is bruised, and the heart is crushed. But, blessed be God, the Christian man can say: "My God giveth me songs in the night!" What a song was that of Job, when, childless, he sang: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away,

blessed be the name of the Lord!" And that of David: "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea!" And that of Jeremiah: "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." And that of Habakkuk: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation." And that of Paul: "We glory in tribulation." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Thus God can teach his people how to sing when the night is dark and the heart is heavy. God, our Maker, giveth songs in the night.

IV.—There is one place more where songs are given in the night; that is, in the night of the grave.

How quiet is that great empire over which death holds such undisputed sway. It is not the chamber of sickness, where the curtains are closely drawn, and every foot treads softly. It is not the hospital, where, in ward after ward, human beings are the victims of disease and suffering. But it is the broad earth, "billyow with graves," and filled with the bodies of the dead, where death reigns. And his empire remains undisturbed. The sleeper wakes not. Oh, the mystery of death! Man's earthly being here ends in an eclipse. "He lieth down and riseth not till the heavens are no more."

And are there no utterances of joy that shall ever break in upon the mansions of the dead? Shall men forever molder in the grave? "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which *all* that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." Such is the language of the "Resurrection and the Life." Then the great drama of time will close, only to reveal the greater realities of eternity. The old heavens shall pass away with a great noise; the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth shall be burned up; but new heavens and new earth

shall rise out of the ashes of the old ; so that, what was sown in corruption, shall be raised in incorruption ; what was sown in weakness, shall be raised in power ; what was sown in dishonor, shall be raised in glory !” Oh then, the sweet faces and beautiful forms we have sealed up in the grave, we shall see again ; and the musical voices, to which we have so often listened, we shall hear once more. Earth and sea shall no longer be the sepulchre of the departed world. Mountain and valley, holding the dust of generations, shall stir with life and form ; and upspringing from the caverns of the deep, deep sea, myriads of human beings shall leap upon the land, and clap their glad hands in jubilee, that Death, the great CANNIBAL, is dead. Oh then, the night of the grave shall be vocal with songs, and fragrant exhalations shall arise from this resurgent world ; and, at last, shall the prophetic vision be seen, and the prophetic precept obeyed : “Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust ; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.”

Hence we come to lay in the grave the inanimate form of our deceased sister, to await the morning of the resurrection. It is night now ; but the morning cometh.

ELIZA WHITNEY BALLARD was born in this beautiful valley of the Deerfield, at Charlemont, Mass., April 12, 1807. Here, amid these green mountains and beside these rippling waters were her childhood and youth passed ; here was her mind prepared for that career of usefulness which, in after years, has made her an ornament to her sex, to the church, and to the world.

When twenty-one years of age Miss Ballard was associated with her brother, Rev. James Ballard, as a teacher in a seminary in Bennington, Vt. Subsequently, Mr. Nathan Brown was added to the corps of instructors.

While here, under the ministry of Rev. Daniel A. Clark, pastor of the Congregational Church, Eliza's mind was drawn to divine things, and her heart touched by the finger of God. After a season of penitence and earnest seeking, she found the Savior, “the chief among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely.” For the first time, she realized the blessedness of full and free forgiveness. She was now in a new world, and a new creature. She was inspired by new hopes and was living a new life. Religion

became her theme, and holy duties were pleasant and delightful. She had been liberated from the dreadful weight of guilt, and brought into the liberty of the people of God. Hence she immediately recognized the great principle that "we are not our own," and so far acted upon it, that her life became from that hour devoted to holy employments and useful pursuits.

When twenty-three years of age, May 6, 1830, Miss Ballard was married to our brother, Dr. Nathan Brown, who, after forty-one years of happy married life, now stricken with grief, and bowed under the crushing weight of sorrow, comes to-day, bringing back his bride, to lay her in the grave.

Soon after her marriage, Mrs. Brown was baptized by Rev. Mr. Johnson, and connected herself with the Baptist Church in Bennington.

In January, 1831, Mr. and Mrs. Brown removed to Brandon, Vt., where he took the editorial charge of the Vermont (Baptist) *Telegraph*. Here the attention of Mrs. Brown, in connection with that of her husband, was strongly turned to the missionary work.\* They first looked at the subject from a distance; they saw its dim and shadowy outlines; they began to pray that their visions of converted heathen might be realized, and wondered who should go forth as the heralds of light and salvation to the benighted tribes of men. They listened, and thought they heard the voice of the Master, saying: "The field is the world; the laborers are few; go ye forth into the field; the harvest is ripe."

There is a beautiful poem that has been in circulation for several years. I have seen it drifting about, anonymously, in papers, in magazines, and in books, and in several instances set to music. It is not generally known that this poem was written by our brother, Dr. Brown, when a young man, and at the time when his attention was first turned to the missionary field, and his soul was all aglow with the inspiration of the missionary work. It begins thus:

"My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange  
And secret whisper to my spirit, like  
A dream of night, that tells me I am on  
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? 'The vows

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\* Mr. Brown had previously had the subject under consideration.

Of God are on me, and I may not stop  
 To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,  
 Till I my work have done, and rendered up  
 Account. The voice of my departed Lord,  
 'Go teach all nations,' from the Eastern world,  
 Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear.

"And I will go. I may no longer doubt  
 To give up friends, and home, and idol hopes,  
 And every tender tie that binds my heart  
 To thee, my country! Why should I regard  
 Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure  
 Have had enough of bitter in my cup,  
 To show that never was it his design,  
 Who placed me here, that I should live in ease,  
 Or drink at pleasure's fountain.

"Henceforth, then,  
 It matters not, if storm or sunshine be  
 My earthly lot—bitter or sweet my cup;  
 I only pray, 'God fit me for the work!  
 God make me holy, and my spirit nerve  
 For the stern hour of strife.' Let me but know  
 There is an arm unseen that holds me up,  
 An eye that kindly watches all my path,  
 Till I my weary pilgrimage have done—  
 Let me but know I have a Friend that waits  
 To welcome me to glory, and I joy  
 To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness."

Who can tell in how many breasts a missionary spirit has been awakened by these beautiful lines? Certainly Mrs. Brown caught the inspiration of her husband's spirit, so touchingly breathed forth in these persuasive and eloquent words, and cried, "I, too, WILL GO!"

Dr. Bolles, Secretary of the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, visited Mr. and Mrs. Brown at Brandon, and, after a long interview, became satisfied that God had designed and called them both to the missionary work. As the result of this conference, they decided to give themselves exclusively to their Master's service and go forth to labor in a foreign field. Consequently, they left Brandon, Mr. Brown to spend the winter at Newton, and Mrs. Brown to visit her friends at Charlemont. Here, May 6, 1832, her first child was born, a lovely daughter, whom they

called Dorothy Sophia. Mrs. Brown had a long and severe illness, from which she rallied just in time to go to Rutland, Vt., to be present at the ordination of her husband, and the setting apart and consecration of them both to the missionary work. Dr. Sharp of Boston preached the ordaining and consecration sermon. The services were of a deeply interesting nature, especially to the newly-appointed missionaries and to their relatives and friends, whose prophetic thoughts would naturally connect this preparatory scene with the repentance of myriads in distant climes and in ages to come.

In November following, Mr. and Mrs. Brown took final leave of his parents and friends at Whitingham, Vt., and the next day of hers at Charlemont, Mass., and hastened to Boston to make ready for their voyage. They sailed in the ship *Corvo* on the 22d of December, 1832. Friends came to exchange tokens and give the parting hand. The hour of departure has come. The ship swings off from her moorings and floats down the harbor. One sail after another is thrown out to the breath of heaven, and like a thing of life, the vessel is borne onward, and soon lost sight of. The spectators slowly and sadly turn away, praying the God of ocean and storm to protect the tiny bark on the wide waste of waters and bring it safely into harbor.

After a long and tedious voyage they reached Calcutta, May 4, 1833, and then passed on at once to Maulmain. Here Mrs. Brown remained till she left for Assam, vigorously preparing to engage fully in the missionary work. Mr. Brown in the meantime made a tour to Ava.

In a broad extended valley, at the foot of the Himmalaya Mountains, watered by the Bramaputra, lived several tribes of men, differing from each other in character and in degrees of civilization. They were all subject to English rule, but bound fast in the superstitions of idolatry, and the willing victims of the most debasing passions of the human heart. An English officer, Major Jenkins, who had charge of the affairs of the country at that time, proposed to the American Baptist Missionary Board to establish a mission there. He accompanied this proposition with the generous offer of one thousand rupees upon the arrival of the first missionary they should send, and one thousand more on the establishment of a printing-press.

This offer was promptly accepted ; Mr. Brown and his wife, together with Mr. Cutter, a printer, and his wife, were selected for this new field. They were directed immediately to commence a mission at a point considered the most eligible for that purpose. To the Christian prospecting for the future, this was regarded a very important movement. It was hoped that, by the protection afforded by the East India Company, missionaries might join the caravans that yearly journeyed for traffic into the interior of China ; and thus, while the jealous mandarins were excluding foreigners from their ports, by this means Christianity might be introduced into the very heart of that great empire.\* But doors, wide and effectual, have since been providentially opened into that country.

And now came the first great sorrow and bereavement to Mr. and Mrs. Brown. They had made all necessary arrangements to leave Maulmain for Assam ; they had even engaged their passage to Calcutta, when suddenly, William Ballard, their second child, was violently seized with brain disease and died the very morning they were to leave. Death among strangers—death far away from home—this is one of the missionary's trials. They had come down to the mission compound the Saturday previous, and everything was in readiness to go aboard of the vessel. Dr. Judson came in to sympathize with, and comfort the stricken mourners. He advised that the funeral services should be held in the afternoon, and they should go on board in the evening. Dr. Judson preached a most touching and sympathizing discourse, showing that God had a purpose in this extraordinary visitation, though they could not understand it. The heart-stricken parents went on their way comforted. And as the sun went down, they were rapidly dropping down the river ; Mrs. Brown to visit the spot no more.

They reached Calcutta September 2, and set out at once upon their long and tedious journey up the Bramaputra, a thousand miles. And after having been traveling four months, in a native boat, through the windings of that far-rolling river, they reached Sadiya, March 22, 1836. Here the cloudy pillar, which had been leading them so long, rested ; and here they pitched their tent, and began in good earnest their missionary work.

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\* See *Mothers' Journal* for 1852.

In September following, 1836, their third child, Nathan Ballard, was born. And two years afterward, September, 1838, they were called to experience another great bereavement in the death of their daughter, a dear child six years of age. This, their first-born, seemed to have twined its affections sweetly and tenderly around the mother's heart. She was, indeed, a remarkable child, judging from the little memoir published.\* She inherited the warm, affectionate heart and amiable disposition of the mother, and her piety was truly precocious and wonderful for a child of her years. Dr. Judson, in a letter of condolence from Maulmain, to the bereaved parents, says: "Your letter, giving an account of little Sophia's death, is received; and Mrs. J. and myself wept over it; and truly our hearts bled with yours. All things considered, this appears to be the severest loss that has ever been occasioned by the death of any child belonging to the mission. \* \* \* \* \* You have been privileged to rear a tender nestling—a young immortal,—a native of the earth, but an heir of the skies. Grieve not that Jesus has plumed her unfledged wing for a premature flight, and taught her early to sing the songs of Paradise."

The bereaved parents closed the eyes of their dead child, shrouded and confined the little body and laid it away to rest in the grave. But it was soon disinterred, and the coffin broken open by the natives, in the expectation of finding gold and other treasures buried with the dead. The body was once more committed to the grave. But again and again were the remains of their dear child disturbed, by either natives or jackals, or both; till finally the parents gathered up the bones of the little one, and preserved them near their dwelling.

The next day after the death of little Dorothy, Elizabeth Whitney, their fourth child, was born.

And now, new calamities were ready to burst upon the little missionary band. Suddenly an attack at night was made upon their post by the natives; and the missionaries were obliged, by flight, to hasten away to save their lives. It was a fearful night. The station of Sadiya (military cantonments), was attacked and burned by the Khamtis, and many of the troops were killed, including Col. White, the commanding officer. The

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\* "The Missionary's Daughter." Published by the Am. Bapt. Pub. Society.

missionaries and their families, being about a mile distant from the cantonments, escaped in a canoe, hiding away in a small stream near their dwelling; and after remaining on the water during the night, they ventured to come into the station in the morning. Here they found temporary protection. The sufferings, however, that followed this attack; the great number of the sick and wounded crowded into the hospital (a part of which the missionaries occupied), and the frequent exposure to the sun, prostrated their little Nathan with a fever, from which, though he partially rallied, it was only to be crippled and palsied for the rest of his short life. As soon as possible, the missionaries removed to Jaipur, a safer station, three or four days' journey southeast from Sadiya. Here they were very comfortably settled, and had just got fairly at work, when a new disease appeared in the eye of their crippled child. Mrs. Brown started for Calcutta, a thousand miles, for medical aid, taking with her the two little children. She commenced this perilous journey in a native canoe, with Assamese boatmen, being often obliged to moor her boat for the night near dangerous jungles infested by wild beasts; sometimes in coves where huge alligators would strike against the sides of her little boat, and at other times in places where robbers were accustomed to resort. This was by no means a pleasant excursion for a lone lady and two helpless children. Providence, however, mercifully protected and guided her in her journey. But when she reached Calcutta, the physicians failed to render the child any aid, and ultimately pronounced his disease incurable. Slowly and sadly did the heart-stricken mother retrace her steps, bearing back her invalid child, who, after a few months of great suffering, died in her arms. "Where is God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?"

Jaipur being a little distant from the thickly populated region, the missionaries removed to Sibsagor, a more important town in the centre of the province. At this place, their youngest child, William Pearce, was born, December 12, 1842. Here, on the borders of the large and healthful Sibsagor tank (an artificial pond, covering over one hundred acres), Dr. and Mrs. Brown began to see their labors remarkably blessed. The number of inquirers was constantly increasing, and converts were multiplied. Mrs.

Brown was busily engaged in superintending day-schools and in visiting among the native women, when suddenly disease again invaded her household. The little daughter, Elizabeth, was brought down to the very borders of the grave. The query arose, must the mother stand by and see her remaining children die in a malarious country? What should be done? The fortitude and energy of Mrs. Brown, in this emergency, were equal to the occasion. Knowing full well that it was impossible for her husband to leave without breaking up the mission, she decided at once, in the hope of recruiting her wasting health and saving her children, to undertake a homeward voyage alone with her two little ones! Few women would have thought of such an undertaking. But with her it was only to know in what direction duty pointed. Her husband accompanied her to Calcutta, where, September 1, 1846, she started on her long and lonely voyage. The circumstances and the feelings of Mrs. Brown were not unlike those of the second Mrs. Judson when, expecting to part from her husband on the Isle of France, on her homeward voyage alone, she wrote that gem, commencing—

“ We part on this green islet, love,  
Thou for the eastern main ;  
I, for the setting sun, love,  
Oh, when to meet again ?

“ My heart is sad for thee, love,  
For lone thy way will be ;  
And oft thy tears shall fall, love,  
For thy children and for me.”

So, with the living children, the devoted mother brought home the bones of her dead child, Dorothy Sophia, that could not find a resting-place in Assam. After appropriate services in this house (which I remember well), the bones were quietly laid in the graveyard yonder, by the side of which we are about to lay the worn-out body of the mother.

The visit of Mrs. Brown at home, I recollect, did much to arouse attention and awaken an interest in the churches in reference to the Assam Mission. It resulted in the appointment of two additional missionaries for that field ; Rev. A. H. Danforth and Rev. Ira J. Stoddard, and their wives. 'But for this reinforcement

the Assam Mission would, in all probability, have been abandoned; for public sentiment, both in the Board and in the churches at home, was much in favor of giving up the small missions!

After seeing her children recruited in health, and securing for them the best homes she could, Mrs. Brown turned her face to the East to return to her husband, and resume her labors for the heathen. Mothers, can you imagine with what feelings she did this? Ah no, you are not missionary mothers; there is a peculiar significance in the term "*missionary mother*." I remember that parting scene of Mrs. Comstock, of Arracan. She had decided to send her two little children home. The hour for them to leave had arrived. The vessel was lying in sight. As they were about to embark, the mother rose and took her two children, one in each hand, and leading them out to a grove of tamarind trees near the house, and kneeling between them, cried, with all the agony of a mother's love: "O JESUS, THIS I DO FOR THEE!" The day that vessel entered the harbor of New York with those precious children, the mother died in Arracan.\*

So, Mrs. Brown, with all the gushings of maternal tenderness and the strugglings of maternal love, such as only a mother's heart can feel; kissing away the tears of her little ones, could cry, with equal anguish and devotion: "O JESUS, THIS I DO FOR THEE!"

On returning to her field of labor in 1849, Mrs. Brown determined on a new plan for future action. The pupils in the day-schools were so much under the influence of their heathen relatives that but little salutary effect was produced. She therefore decided to gather a few girls, orphans and others, whom their parents and friends were willing entirely to give up, and take them into her own family for instruction. Some ten or twelve girls, with difficulty, were thus secured, and the success of this effort was surprising. Before Mrs. Brown's return to this country, nearly all these girls had been hopefully converted; and since, it has been ascertained, that every one has been added to the Christian Church. Most of them have now become wives of native preachers and teachers, and are exerting a wide and healthful influence as leaders in every good work.

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\* Dr. Kincaid's Addresses in this country.

As we might expect, the affection of Mrs. Brown's pupils was of the strongest kind. No person could have been more beloved by children, than was this teacher by her scholars. When Dr. Brown's health failed, and they were about to leave for this country, these young pupils, and also the women of the church, with inconsolable demonstrations, gathered around their dear teacher and spiritual guide, pleading with tears for the privilege of following her wherever she went. And their letters, since her return, have continued to breathe the same strong feeling of attachment. Verily, many shall rise up at the last day and call her blessed.

Mrs. Brown also devoted herself largely to the preparation of books and tracts for printing in the native language, with which she was nearly as familiar as with her vernacular tongue. A juvenile series of twelve tracts, some of them original and some translations, were among the first she prepared for the press. She also published a geography, arithmetic, and other school-books, which will live while the language of Assam is spoken.

When from prostrate energies and wasted health Dr. and Mrs. Brown returned home in 1855, as they came from Boston, I invited them to stop with us a few days for rest.\* The Sabbath following I invited the Doctor to preach. Mrs. Gray had become greatly interested in them while on the missionary field, and desiring in some appropriate way to express the joy we all felt to see them back, after their hard service abroad, she wrote a hymn of welcome. After placing Mrs. Brown in the pew, and taking the Doctor into the pulpit, I rose and read the following hymn, which was sung :

“ Welcome, ye servants of our God,  
From India's idol strand ;  
No cocoa's shade, nor Burman sod,  
Upon your graves yet stand.

“ Green were your hills, and bright your hopes,  
When Macedonia's cry  
Came softly o'er these mountain slopes :  
‘ Oh help us, ere we die !’

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\* Mrs. Nathaniel Lamson claimed the privilege of taking them to her home, and nursing them for several weeks ; which she did faithfully.

“Through years of suffering and of toil,  
 Ye’ve led the mission van ;  
 And gathered souls—a precious spoil—  
 From heathen, dark Assam.

“Thrice welcome from the battle-field,  
 Rich trophies have ye won ;  
 Here rest upon your red-cross shield,  
 Your Father says: ‘ Well done.’

“Be blest—we can not say how blest,  
 Until your work is done ;  
 Let heathen converts tell the rest,  
 And shout the ‘ harvest home.’ ”

Since Mrs. Brown’s return to this country, her heart has been still set upon the mission work. She has been active both in fitting out and assisting missionaries who have gone forth to foreign fields, and in receiving and aiding native converts who from time to time have been sent to this country for education. To relinquish her missionary work was the great trial of her life. She did not finally give up the hope of returning again to Assam till four or five years since, when her naturally strong constitution had become so impaired as to preclude all expectation of further labor in a foreign field.

Frequent and long-continued illness, brought on by the hardships of twenty-three years of missionary labor, made the last years of her life a scene of constant suffering. Two years ago she received injuries from a fall, from which she never fully recovered. Gaining strength sufficiently to attend the last anniversary of the Free Mission Society at Cincinnati, she spent several weeks in visiting her friends in Ohio, from which her general health was somewhat improved. But on her return, she was again attacked with her old complaints, induced by her labors and exposures in India. During the last few weeks of her illness she was confined to her room, coming down gradually to the close of life. All was peace and serenity. Her last hours were spent in such a manner as to give the clearest evidence to all who saw her that she was ripe for heaven. “Jesus,” said she to her husband, “has been our Friend thus far, and I believe he will be our Friend all the way through.” Thus, with a firm hope in the merits of

the crucified One, she descended into the waters of the dark, deep Jordan, whose billows break upon the shores of human life. There was no fear ; no confusion. Her soul was stayed on God, and the divine hand bore her through the last struggles peacefully, triumphantly. Among her last utterances were these beautiful words :

“ Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

And then, she so quietly fell asleep that the smile with which she always greeted her friends still lingered on her face, lovely even in death.

And what a victory over death is that, when a Christian dies full of faith and hope! No wonder the Psalmist exclaimed : “ Though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.” No wonder the apostle Paul could cry out : “ Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory ?” No wonder Evarts could die, crying out at the top of his expiring voice : “ Oh wonderful—wonderful glory ! Jesus, I see him ! Jesus, I’ll praise him !” Such favored ones were permitted to look into heaven, not only through “ Gates ajar,” but through “ Gates wide open !”

What a marvelous change has the spirit that animated this lifeless body undergone ! The struggle over, and the victory won ; convoyed by angels upward, she has passed the shining sun, and through the forest of stars that gleam like so many outstanding lamps before the gate of heaven. Oh, what a thrill of joy and delight shot through the soul of that redeemed one, as heaven, that great world of light and song, came fully into view ! But hark ! What are those multitudinous sounds ? They are the welcome acclaim of ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, over the new arrival. As the spirit is emerging out of the dark night of time and is rising into their enraptured view, their joyous cry above her, and over and around her, is : “ Come in, thou blessed of the Lord ! Welcome—welcome home !” The Father’s welcome is : “ Come up hither.” Christ’s welcome from the mediatorial throne, is : “ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !” This is the welcome home.

Do you say this is fanciful, that such a welcome as this can not be given to those who pass up from earth to heaven? Why not? Is it possible that God the Father, as he sees, in the entrance of a soul into heaven, the fulfilling of that great salvation which he devised in the high counsels of eternity; is it possible that he takes no note of the arrival of the subjects of his everlasting love? Is it possible that the Lord Jesus should be indifferent to the arrival of a soul that cost him thirty years of exile from heaven, thirty years of toil and suffering, culminating in the agonies of death? And will not the angels, who rejoice over a repenting sinner, welcome home an emancipated spirit, with the tears all shed, and the labor all done, and the sorrows all over? And shall not the glorified in heaven, especially the spirits of our friends, stand ready to extend a joyous welcome to us on reaching home? Are they not in the full possession of all their intellectual powers? Are they not in the deepest and tenderest sympathy with all their friends who succeed in reaching heaven? Death, to the believer, is his birth into the family of God above. Is there no joy there? Death, to the believer, is his coronation day. Is there no rejoicing there? Death, to the believer, is his safe arrival home. Is there no gladness there? \*

From these postulates I reason, and, I think, logically, that when saints enter heaven, those already there greet them with a glad welcome home. Then, spirit of the departed, how glorious has been thy welcome home! Go on thy wondrous way of life and love! We mourn thy absence, but we would not call thee back.

Thus has passed away this dear, dear friend; one of the loveliest and most devoted of women. She was always and everywhere a CHRISTIAN LADY; refined, modest, gentle, affable, courteous, kind, and dignified. She was just such a person as would be sure to attract you at once, and make you feel, instinctively, that you had met a true friend.

Mrs. Brown was rigidly conscientious. She was ever true to the principles of right. Right with her could not be compromised. She took her conscience especially into all her religious duties. With her the inquiry was, not what men say, but what does God require? As the needle points unswervingly to the pole, so she never lost sight of Jesus as her "Prophet, Priest, and King."

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\* Spurgeon's Sermons.

Her piety was uniform and constant; not of the flashy, meteoric style, all ablaze to-day, all dark to-morrow. It was like the luminary of the day, which, though clouds muster their forces, and storms go rushing along the sky, keeps shining on. So she kept steady to her course as a Christian, letting her light shine. Hence her path, like that of the just, shone "more and more unto the perfect day."

As a MISSIONARY, she was truly devoted to her work. She felt it to be a great work. Sweeping with her eye the moral horizon of the world, she saw that there was no great movement on earth commensurate with the missionary enterprise; and she was persuaded that if the aims of Christians were higher and their plans broader, then their ability would be vastly greater to feel and pray and consecrate their all to Him. She showed herself ready, at the bidding of her Master, to sacrifice home, friends, and the comforts of life, to endure fatigue and hardship, and brave danger and death, for the salvation of the heathen, though they had upon her *equally* with all other Christians. Having entered upon the missionary work, she never faltered. She might have wavered, when with her husband and their two associates they started on their perilous journey of four months in a small boat up the winding Bramaputra, through perils by robbers, by venomous reptiles, and by deadly malaria. She might have faltered, when, one by one, her children were snatched away by death, and their graves violated by wild beasts and barbarous natives. And when health failed, and with two remaining feeble children, she undertook a lonely voyage home, hoping to save them, and then turned, desolate and sad, to go back to her companion and to her work in dark India, she might have cried out: "Oh Lord, I pray thee, have me excused." Mrs. Dr. Carey, in India, with not half the provocation, said: "Let me go home." But Mrs. Brown said: "Lord, if I am worthy, let me work on;" and the Master said: "WORK ON." And she did work, faithfully, until health and strength and constitution all gave way, and then God directed her home to finish her work and here to die. "Blessed are the dead who die thus in the Lord."

As a WIFE, Mrs. Brown was affectionate and loving. She was

devoted to her husband, and strove by all means to aid him in his great work; by relieving him from family cares, and otherwise aiding him whenever her strength or counsel or assistance could be given.

As a MOTHER, she was tender and affectionate, kind and loving, shielding her children, as far as possible, from the contamination of the heathen, early imbuing their minds with the principles of the gospel, and teaching their young hearts to love and obey that Savior, who was the joy of her heart and the light of her soul.

But the woman, the wife, the mother, the Christian, and the missionary has done her work, and done it well. God has sent his angel to release her. She has passed through "glory's gate, and walks in paradise!" She has left one circle of friends to meet another. There is sorrow here; there is joy up yonder!

How pleasant to contemplate such a character as that of the deceased; a Christian, a Christian worker, a Christian worker for the world. Truly, our sister has left a name that deserves to be recorded on the scroll of fame; she deserves a monument, not of marble or of brass, but one that shall lift its summit into a halo of light that shall gild it with the beams of glory. And such a monument she has. When the mists of earth are dissipated, and light breaks in from above, we shall see it, with its base deep down as the darkness of the world of heathenism, and lifting its summit high as the throne of God.

Children bereaved: "Thank God for such a mother." Cherish her memory, treasure up her words, remember her counsel. Do not forget her prayers; a mother's prayers are precious. Cherish the fragrance of her character; yield to her benign influence; copy her meek spirit; follow her Christian example, and make the God of your mother your Savior and Guide forever.

My brother bereft: We deeply sympathize with you. Your loss is indeed great; but, "Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal."

Bless God, my brother, for such a Christian wife; that he allowed her to accompany you into the dark night of heathenism, and that she so bravely wrought by your side. Bless God, that he permitted you to bring her back, to lay her in the sepulchres

of her fathers. Thank God to-day that he suffered you to retain her so long, and took her over the river, ONLY A LITTLE WAY IN ADVANCE OF WHERE YOU STAND.

"We are waiting by the river,  
We are watching on the shore,  
Only waiting for the angels,  
Soon they'll come to bear us o'er.

"God has called for many a loved one,  
We have seen them leave our side;  
With our Savior *we shall meet them*,  
When we, too, have crossed the tide."



